

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

Discontinuances.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, PROGRESS will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuances can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance. The circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Copies Can be Purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 16

THE MODERN CHURCH CHOIR.

The church choir has long been the subject of it not exactly of song and poetry, at least of many newspaper paragraphs and much persiflage. It has been a source of perennial delight to the despairing newspaper man, and in popularity it has run a close race with the mother-in-law, the widow who is anxious to be consoled, and the old maid who is yearning to wed—'anything so long as it's a man.' Taken altogether the church choir has done its duty nobly, and it would be a sad day for the press of the country if it should ever be entirely abolished and congregational singing be generally adopted.

After serving as a theme for the humorist so long, the church choir formed the subject of a very serious discourse recently delivered by the Bishop of Huron. During his address the good Bishop gave his audience some excellent advice, and the common sense views he expressed as to what a choir should be ought to go a long way towards dispelling that large opinion of its own importance, which is supposed to be the besetting sin of the average church choir.

'The question' said his lordship, 'which lies at the bottom of the whole subject is, what is the choir to do—is it to be a concert, or is it to lead the singing? To this he answered 'It should lead the psalmody'. Therefore he was in favor of simple music in which all could join. One would almost gather from his utterances that the Bishop of Huron was not very greatly in favor of full choral services when they exclude the congregation from taking part, as the point upon which he dwells, especially is that the singing of the congregation should not be delegated to the choir, in any church, nor should the choir be used as a means of advertising the church. He denounces invitations to come to church, and hear the choir, in the following strong terms—'Oh do come to our church and hear our choir sing. We are going to have wonderful singing. We are going to have the chants in D, the Te Deum in G, and the Magnificat in F. We are going to have a phenomenal tenor, and the whole service choral.' This, the Bishop declares to be absolutely opposite to everything that belongs to the true spirit of religion, and that all worshippers as far as possible, should take part in the services. In this way the choir, instead of monopolizing the service of song, will be an instrumentality for educating the congregation in singing. The Bishop also has strong views as to the moral standing of the choir, since 'righteousness increases its efficiency, and therefore its members ought to be people who command, and receive the respect of the community at large.

Accustomed as we are to the little eccentricities of the average choir, in the shape of merry prattle and piquante little disputes about precedence etc., it would seem as if his lordship of Huron had set up an almost unattainable standard for merely human singers to reach, and that it would take some years of careful selection and rigid culture before such a state of excellence could be reached. But all the same the bishop has touched the right note in speaking of the choir as a valuable aid and educator for the rest of the congregation rather than an organization placed in the church to take entire charge of the musical part of the service. There is nothing colder or less in accordance with all ideas of real worship than the 'full choral service' where a whole large congregation are kneeling dumb and listless, while the choir chant their prayers, and answer their responses for them; it always reminds one vaguely of the Mahomedan prayer mill, which does all the work for the faithful, relieving them

even of the responsibility of thinking for themselves. It may be very imposing and grand, but then it is so much like listening to a concert, and so little like general worship that it never gets very near the heart. Evidently the Bishop of Huron is somewhat of this opinion also.

A POLICE COURT DISTINCTION.

In passing sentence upon a prisoner charged with drunkenness a New York police magistrate made a distinction between morning and evening intoxication. 'If you had been found drunk in the evening or late at night' he said 'I wouldn't have fined you so much—perhaps not at all. There is some hope for a man who gets drunk at the end of the day. He who gets drunk at the beginning of the day is in danger. He needs to be saved from himself.

At a first glance this might seem to be a somewhat remarkable distinction, but if the reasons for such a decision are followed out the justice of the judge will be acknowledged at once.

Few people will admit that excessive drinking or intoxication can be excused at any time or under any circumstances but so long as liquor is drunk those who drink it will get under its most evil influence. The decision of the learned judge seems to be based upon the broad ground that there is some excuse for a man who goes out to dinner and, among congenial friends, drinks more than is good for him. There is some excuse for the man who goes to the saloon at night for a glass of beer and, falling in with a number of cronies, gets good and drunk. Either of those men goes home, goes to bed, sleeps off the effect of the liquor, and awakens in the morning in such a condition that he is able to attend to business. He goes on his spree at a time when few persons are abroad. The exhibition he makes of himself in reeling along the street or riding in a public conveyance is seen by fewer persons than would witness the exhibition made by a drunken man in the daytime. Consequently fewer persons are harmed by the spectacle he makes. In the daytime young people are abroad, and the example which the drunken man furnishes is not such as we want to set before our youth. Then, too, the greater the number of persons who look upon a man in his cups the greater is the disgrace and suffering which he inflicts upon his family. Thus it will be seen that the man who gets drunk in the daytime transgresses at a time when the shock to public decency is greatest. Therefore, he should suffer more himself than a man who commits the same offence, but at a time when he offends less. The man who finds it necessary to take a bracer after a night's rest and then follows that up by tipping through the day is in danger. He needs to be saved from himself. He is drifting, with certainly and awful rapidity, upon the shoals where so many lives have been wrecked. If he don't quit, and quit quickly he will simply become one of the thousands of men and women who were once useful members of society, but, through their own weakness, become mere flotsam and jetsam on life's ocean.

'Your Halifax correspondent seems to take pleasure in showing "NEDDY" O'DONNELL in a somewhat unfavorable light in your columns. If some of the needy poor of Halifax were interviewed, it might come to light that quite a few loads of coal and pounds of flour found their way quietly amongst them, bestowed by the hand of big hearted older man "NEDDY" and all unknown to newspaper reporters.'

This paragraph comes from a reader of PROGRESS in Halifax as a postscript to a business letter and we are glad to print it. Alderman O'DONNELL may have his peculiarities and his faults but we are sure that in pointing them out our correspondent has no feeling whatever in the matter certainly PROGRESS has not and the fact that the alderman has a heart big and generous enough to think of the poor and needy will not make him less popular with the people at large.

The death of Mr. W. F. BUNTING removes a genial, courteous citizen from our midst. He was connected with civic life and business for many years and came into personal contact with many of his fellow citizens as chairman of assessors. Whether they agreed with his decisions or not, no fault could ever be found with their reception and the opportunity afforded them to make good their contention.

The decision of the miners at Springhill to suspend work until the old order of affairs are restored does not seem to be unjust. As PROGRESS understands it the absence of the riding trolleys make it imperative for the miners who stop work at 2.30 to walk up a slope of 3000 feet with an elevation of 750 feet. This is no easy task after a hard days work and the objection of the workmen will be readily sustained by those who understand their position. The recent accident has no doubt interfered with the output but that

bears as hardly upon the men as upon the company for a large number are out of work in consequence. 'Live and let live' should be the motto and disposition of the employers and employes at Springhill, but the management that comes so often in conflict with the workmen must have a tinge of oppression in the conduct of its affairs.

The 'organization' of the local liberals may accomplish good but certainly the first meetings have not impressed the moderate members of the party very favorably. Why the fact that there are more of one religious denomination than another in any party should make it necessary to divide the offices in the same proportion is not apparent to those who wish to see politics and religion disassociated. To insist upon such a division is apt to emphasize any religious feeling that may exist and to bring about a condition of things which will incline men to divide not upon party but upon religious lines.

A new searchlight has been invented for the use of policemen in France. Through its use the officer of the law is enabled, on his rounds through the slums, to direct a line of intense light down a dark alleyway or area, dispelling the gloom and substituting the brilliancy of noonday for a distance of 150 feet. It is now in order for somebody to invent a light by which a policeman may be found when he is wanted.

"PADDY" MURPHY IN HALIFAX.

He is With a Poor show and Playing at the Lyceum.

HALIFAX, JAN. 13.—The Orpheus club of this city appointed a committee of two to select a good company to give a series of entertainments during the holiday season. One of the committee took a trip to the States and selected a company which he thought would fill the bill. The contract was drawn out for a certain sum per week and was agreed to by the Orpheus club representative. The first fulfillment of the contract was made by the company who appeared in Halifax and gave their first performance in the Lyceum on Christmas day. The show killed itself the first night, as it was simply no good and the people could not stand it. They tried hard to make it pay but failed, and when they approached the committee for their money it was not forthcoming. They backed down and the members of the fake show had to content themselves with about one eighth of the money agreed upon. They were stranded and had to do something to get themselves out of the town.

Under a new management they have been playing in the Lyceum during this week to small houses. The leading man in the company is the famous "Paddy" Murphy who cut such a figure in the fake show that John L. Sullivan brought to St. John some time ago. "Paddy" thought (just as he said) that he had St. John as he pleased, but he found out his mistake, for the people were given some idea of the element that composed the crowd and the attendance was slim.

The company stranded before they got half way to Halifax. St. John is more fortunate than Halifax this time, as "Paddy" Murphy will never dare return to St. John in the same line. The "famous" Mercer that does the little sleight of hand tricks is a St. John boy. "Billy" does not move any faster and has the same old swing as when he went to school in St. John about ten years ago. J. G.

NO LACK OF LAW THERE.

Another Case Grows out of the Myrtle House Affair.

DIGBY, JAN. 14.—The Troop case has given rise to a series of trials. The June court has not a few to settle. Mrs. Kally (the principal witness in the suit against Emma Dakin, housekeeper at the Myrtle House) at one time an employe at the "Myrtle" was brought up on a charge of perjury by Dakin. The examination was to have come off last week but owing to the continued illness of the Kally woman was postponed, though Ritchie and Jones, lawyers, made a frantic attempt to drag the woman to trial notwithstanding the existence of two certificates from medical authorities as to the unfitness of Mrs. Kally to leave her room and bed. They even went so far as to adjourn the court to meet in the woman's room at the Evangeline house where she lay ill. Neither the lawyers witnesses, clerk, etc. repaired, but the whole "mob" were promptly ejected by the angry proprietor who declined to have his house invaded and infested by people; especially by those of the style of the proprietor of the Myrtle house and his lady friends. Mrs. Kally was sent up for trial at the June court, much to the surprise of many, furnishing bail for her appearance.

"Odorama," the perfect teeth powder, goes further and lasts longer than any other. Druggists—25 cents.

Umbrellas Made. Re-covered, Repaired Duval, 17 Waterloo.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Across the Fields to Anne. From Stratford-on-Avon a lane runs westward through the fields a mile to the little village of Slatery, in which is the cottage of Anne Hathaway, Shakespeare's sweetheart and wife. Is not this a subject to tempt the minor poet? Listen:

How often in the summer tide, His craver business set aside, His striped Wilt, the thoughtful eyes, As to the pipe of Pan, Stepped blithely with lover's pride, Across the fields to Anne.

It must have been a merry mile, This summer stroll by hedge and stile, With sweet foreknowledge all the while How sure the pathway ran To dear delights of kiss and smile, Across the fields to Anne.

The silly sheep that graze today, I wot, they let him go his way, Nor once looked up, as who should say; 'Tis in a seemly man. For many led went wooing, aye, Across the fields to Anne.

The osks they have a wiser look; Mayhap they whispered to the brook! 'The world by him shall yet be shook, It is in nature's plan; Though now he flouts like any rook Across the fields to Anne.'

And I am sure that on some hour, On quietude soft 'twixt sun and shower, He stopped and broke a daisy flower With heart of tiny span; And bore it as a lover's dower Across the fields to Anne.

While from her cottage garden bed She plucked a jasmine's goodly head, To scent her Jekins' brown instead, Now, since that love began, No luckier swain than he who sped Across the fields to Anne.

The winding path whereon I pace The hedge rows green, the summer's grace, And still before me face to face; Methinks I almost can Turn post and join the singing race Across the fields to Anne.

Vigilantia.

The hint of coming gloom, in the swiftly changing sky, Proves that darkness is beginning to retreat. A soft gray light reveals the tents where sleeping soldiers lie, And the morning breezes whisper night's defeat.

The heart of many a sentry quickens gladly at the sign, For the prospect of relief charms every sense. There are rows of tinted bayonets now along the whole guard line, And there's the silent expectation and suspense.

The halcyons on the flagstaff wait the layard on the gun; There's a pull of ready hands upon the same; Then a lightning flash, with thunder deep, salutes the rising sun, And the flag breaks from the truck like any flame. There's a vibrant burst of music, as it quivers to the sight, Like the singing of a voice that's young and gay; And the watching eyes find beauty where it dances in the light. While the angler's breath laughs through the reveille.

Ringing regimental trumpets, on the line of the brigade, Send their lively answers back across the plain; And the heart responds as promptly to the Good old flag displayed, While the throbbing drums mark time to the refrain.

As the sleeping troops awaken to the duties of the day, And fall in to meet the calling of the roll, So the discipline of memory brings devotion into play, And the love of country challenges the soul.

Swift imagination conjures up the breath of flowers in May, Borne in march-past by the veterans on parade, And their fragrant breeze fills the nostrils, in the balmy summer day.

As the patriot graves where offerings are made, Till the blue between the eyelids and the thrill in every vein, Speak of men who simply hold their manhood dear, And their faith expands within the heart, their purpose lights the drear, While a dirge of phantom lives walls in the ear. W. B. D.

To the End.

As the wings of an angel might guard, as the hands of a mother might cherish, So have I loved you mine own, though hope and though faith should perish; And my will is set to hold you yet, close hid in my deep heart's centre, In a secret shrine that none may divine, where no one but I may enter.

When the stars shine dimly and wan, when the leaves on the pane are fretting, When the mist has blotted the world in a dull and a drear forgetting, Over the hill where the wind blows chill, over the wintry hollows, A wild voice calls, on my sleep it falls, and my spirit awakes and follows.

Call, and I come through the night, though the mist and the darkness hide you, Weary and desolate heart, my place is surely beside you. From the depth of your black despair, come back, my arm shall be strong to move you. To bear you to the golden gates of heaven, because I love you.

Palace or Home.

'Palace planned for a millionaire's young bride!' 'Oh poor thing!' So cried a happy woman in a dear, homely little house as she read this head-line in a daily paper. 'Poor thing! I wonder if she'll ever love it?'

It is, perhaps, not presuming to say that possibly the millionaire's young bride never will; not certainly, as the speaker loves her house, that her own scheming, skill, economy, taste, self-denial and unwearied exercise of a thousand little womanly arts have changed from a mere house to a home; a home that grows more homelike, more winning, more evidently impregnated with beauty and comfort year by year. For it is above all things characteristic of a home never to be quite complete, but always to grow. A house or a palace may be erected and completed by the tact and thought only of people who are paid for doing them; not so a home.

EASY TO ACQUIRE GRACE.

Practice Before a Mirror Did Wonders for the Awkward Girl.

Every woman of society desires to be graceful on all occasions, but many find it extremely difficult to master the art, while many are compelled to acknowledge the impossibility of accomplishing the task. One woman, who was far from graceful by natural gift, but who overcame all obstacles to the attainment of the coveted faculty, tells how she did it. 'All through my girlhood,' she says, 'my mother lectured me on my manifold awkwardness. My walk, my carriage, my sitting down and standing up were a series of angular movements, simply intolerable to her artistic nature. But it never seemed to me that I could help it. I was 'made that way,' and how could I change?'

'Well, one day I chanced to read of an actress who always studied her part before a full-length mirror, in order to be sure that her gestures were graceful. It caught my attention in some way, and I thought of it many times in the next few days. At last I came to a deliberate resolution that I would adopt her plan and see what would come of it. Thereafter all my spare hours were passed in the drawing room, where there was a large pier glass. I took my books there to read and choose an old-fashioned armchair to sit in. At first I merely looked at my reflection after I was seated, and actually blushed at its ungainly angles. Then I observed the figure, approaching the mirror in short, jerky steps, and blushed again, until I was as dissatisfied with myself as my poor mamma, and became absorbed in my endeavor to improve. I studied pictures and copied their attitudes as closely as I could. When I went to the theatre I gave earnest attention to the movements of the actresses, and when I went home tried to imitate them. I am afraid that all this sounds as if I had developed into a most self-conscious prig and poseur, but I can acquit myself of any such feeling. I was studying grace of motion as one might study drawing, and with no more egotism, but, indeed, most humble self-depreciation. I practised standing until I learned to correct the faults so clearly visible, in that inspiring glass, until my limp spinal column acquired self-reliance and firmness, and the protruded chin drew back into line. I practised walking on the line suggested by a mere chance sentence in a novel: 'She walked with rather long rhythmic steps as if to music,' and studied the different rhythms until I found one that seemed to me most graceful.'—Chicago Chronicle.

A Crippled Post Office.

'I obtained a peculiar order from a Kentucky storekeeper,' said a cigar salesman. 'I left the railroad to work some interior towns and stopped at the country stores en route. At one of these places I found a man whom the commercial agencies gave a good rating and who acted as postmaster as well as storekeeper. I handed him my card and he said: 'Thar ain't but one thing yo' kin sell me 'What is that?' I inquired. 'Yo' kin sell me 'bout \$50 wuth o' stamps envelopes an postal kyards.' 'Why 'you can get them from the Government.' 'No, I kain't. Yo' see, they won't credit me. I hev ter sell stamps an' put 'em on people's bills, but th' Government won't let me none 'thout sendin' th' money. 'Taint right, o' cose, fer I'm good. They orter know th'at. But I hain't got a stamp nor a kyard in th' office an' no way ter git none. I'll hev ter buy 'em somewhars.' 'After becoming convinced of the man's solvency, I sold him a line of stamps, stamped envelopes and postal cards to be shipped with a bill of cigars.'

When Nebraska Was a Lake.

Extensive deposits of ancient volcanic ash in south-western Nebraska have lately been turned to useful account as a source of pulverized pumice, which has become an important article of commerce. Professor Salisbury, of the University of Chicago, after examining the localities where the ash is found, concludes that it was deposited in water at a time when that region of country was covered by a lake which is supposed to have existed late in the tertiary period.

He Met Jack Frost.

There hardly seems to have been frost enough so far this winter for Jack Frost to have gotten in any of his work but the little son of a prominent citizen thinks that he has seen enough of him for one season. He went out to Lily lake one afternoon lately and upon his return it was found that his ears and fingers were very badly bitten though he was not aware of it until he reached home. He has realized it since however, and has not visited the lake since.